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## THE KICKER.

at Pays to Know What You Want—Two  
Cases in Point.

I admire the kicker. I admire him even when he theoretically kicks me. I have long held that the man who undertakes to walk through this world with meek and humble spirit will get regularly flattened out and broken in two at least once a month. On the contrary, whoever saw a chronic kicker who didn't live on the fat of the land and have a front seat every-where?

Thirty of us, men and women, were dumped out on a platform at a railroad junction in Illinois to wait twenty-five minutes for the other train. It was cold and rainy. There was no fire in the depot stove. There was only one smoky old lamp to see by. The twenty-five minutes slipped away, but there was no train. A quarter of an hour later I rapped at the ticket window. The depot agent, who was also telegraph operator, was in his stall inside, and after a long delay he opened the sash.

"Is the train late?" I asked.  
"If it isn't on time then it's late, isn't it?" he replied in a surly manner.  
"How late is the train?"  
"I dunno."

"Well, find out!"  
He slammed the sash down on me, but I knocked until he raised it again and demanded in an ugly voice what in Davy Jones I wanted.

"I want to know about that train. It's your business to ascertain and post us. It makes a difference whether we have to wait here one hour or three."

"I don't take orders from passengers!" he curtly replied as he lowered the sash again.

Three minutes later the six of us who had revolvers stood in a line and fired a volley into his house just above his head. Up went the sash, and he called:

"Wh—what is it?"

"It's about that train!"

"It's an hour and a half late!"

"Oh! it is? What about the fire in the sitting room?"

"I dunno."

"All ready, gentlemen! Take aim; fire!"

"Good heavens! but what do you mean?" he shouted.

"We want you to build a fire. Either come out or we continue shooting!"

He came out and started a fire. He also cleaned and lighted two lamps. He also got us a pitcher and showed us a barrel of new cider, and his interest in our welfare was something touching. He kept us posted on the train every fifteen minutes until it arrived, and it was plainly evident to all that he had resolved to turn over a new leaf.

One night at a hotel in an Indiana town the mosquitoes came into the window in such clouds that I had to get up and dress. Next morning I said to the landlord:

"I will pay you for two meals, but not for lodging. It was your duty to have provided against any nuisance that might make me uncomfortable, but you did not do it."

"But you'll have to pay," he replied. "I shall hold your baggage."

"Then I'll get out a writ of replevin."

He attached and I replevined. Then we had a lawsuit. It cost me four days' time and forty dollars, but I beat him on the point I had raised. He called me a kicker and a mean man, and warned me never to come to his hotel again, but he also went and got mosquito bars for every bedroom window, and all future guests got the benefit of my kick.—M. Quad in New York World.

## The First Snow.

The ten-year-old son of a Harlem man was booked to recite a poem at a Sunday school festival. The young man had contracted a severe cold in his head. As near as we can remember it, this was what he said:

## THE FIRST SNOW.

What are those beautiful things so bright,  
That fall ad fall as if rose leaves light?  
Or like ad frolic ad whirl away,  
Like billows of tidy birds at play?

Far in the south, we dwell, by dear,  
Winter is never as winter here,  
Doe trees are bare and ice wide blow,  
Dor falls that beautiful wud-der, adow!

How log will it fall? All dight! Oh, see!  
It hides the fodes, it covers the tree,  
Cad earth be dyig, ad this is the fall—  
Babba, it frights be—o'er us all!

"Twill fall ad fall, through the dight so still,  
O'er field ad forest, o'er vale ad hill,  
Till all, by child, in the bordering light,  
Sech wrapped up forever id shroud of 'wite!"

"Is't God who does it?" the awed voice said:  
"Will sprig return, or—"  
At this point the child took pity on the shrieking audience and sneezed.—New York Mercury.

## Next to It.

Peter, who goes to the public school, is not by any means a bad boy, but he is heedless about his lessons, and seldom obtains any prizes or rewards.

One day, returning home, he wore a pleased sort of expression which filled his mother with hope.

"You haven't got a prize today?" she asked.

"No," said Peter gleefully, "but I came within one of it!"

"What! Do you mean you were next to the head?"

"Oh, no; but the boy who sits in the seat with me, he got the prize, you see!"—Youth's Companion.

## From Force of Habit.

In the Sick Chamber: Sympathetic Visitor—Your husband seems much better. Anxious Wife—Yes; his chief trouble, insomnia, has been cured by a little device of mine.

S. V.—What was it, dear?

A. W.—I had a counterpart of our church new made and brought it into the next room. And poor, dear John sleeps in it as peacefully and soundly as a child.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

## New Hats for Old.



"Have you seen my hat, waiter? A new one with!"  
"Too late, sir. The best ones 'ave been gone this 'arf hour."—London Jaily.

## Brotherly Criticism.

It is unwise, as a general thing, to ask other people what they think of our work. The result may be unpleasant both for them and for us.

Two ministers were discussing the process of sermon writing.

"Now, with me," said one of them, "the only really hard things to manage are the introduction and the conclusion. You remember the sermon I preached at the installation of Brother So-and-so not long ago? Well, I flattered myself that the exordium and the peroration of that sermon were pretty well done. Do you remember what you thought of them?"

"Yes," said the other minister; "I remember thinking they were very good, but too far apart."—Youth's Companion.

## The Faithful Sisters.



She—I think I like you, Mr. Trotter, but I cannot marry and leave my twin sister alone. Wait until she is engaged.

He—Yes, sister—that's just what she said when I proposed to her.—Life.

## Lucky Forgetfulness.

The doctrine of a "soul of goodness in things evil" has many and varied manifestations. Even a treacherous memory has been known to serve its unhappy possessor an excellent turn. Here is an anecdote of a friend who many years ago traveled through Colorado and the adjoining country as salesman for a hardware house. In many of the newer mining towns the hotels were rough seeming places, and were haunted by swaggering visitors who caroused till midnight.

At one time when Billings had collected a considerable sum of money he put up at a hotel, the proprietor of which was a thoroughly dangerous looking customer. It would be folly, Billings thought, to trust such a man with valuables, and he determined to keep his purse under his pillow.

Many men who looked like desperadoes were about the place, and the guest was really in fear of his life. Yet there was nothing to do but to make the best of things, and accordingly he retired to his room, after instructing the hotel keeper to call him at 4 o'clock.

When he was called in the morning and found that he had not been murdered, he smiled at his fears of the night before, hastily dressed and was soon on his way to the station. As he was hurrying along through the semidarkness two men suddenly jumped upon him and threw him to the ground.

He fought with all his might, till a six-shooter was placed at his head. Then he yielded. The robbers went through his pockets quickly, seized his watch, his revolver and his satchel and made off.

It was useless to follow them, and he kept on to the railway station. He informed the station master of what had occurred, and at the next town, twenty miles away, sought out the sheriff and put him on the track of the thieves.

The watch and papers were of comparatively little value. What he cared most about was the loss of the money. What a pleasure it would be to see that hotel keeper, who he felt sure was at the bottom of the affair, safely behind the bars!

But just as the officers of the law were about setting forth in pursuit of the thieves Billings received a telegram from the station agent. It read thus:

"I have recovered your grip and many papers found near where the robbery was committed. I have also your pocketbook containing nearly \$500, which was handed me by the landlord of the hotel. You left it under your pillow. Will send all by next train."—Chicago Herald.

## Shot from Many Lockers.

The tramp is a man who has tried nearly all the walks of life.—Yonkers Statesman. People who have seen two lovers say goodbye never have any trouble afterward in believing in eternity.—Texas Siftings. Jargon says he knows a man who is so thin that he can't distinguish an attack of lumbago from a stomach ache.—Elmira Gazette.

Men may come and men may go, but for coming and going the servant girl has a record that never will be broken except by herself.—Tit-Bits.

It is difficult for the average man to hear it said that man was made in God's own image without feeling that he is the man referred to.—Boston Transcript.

A Vermont woman has devised a lamp that can be lighted by merely picking the wick. In a pickwickian sense it should be a matchless affair.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Somewhat Particular.

A story which is told of the late Charles Jamrach, the naturalist and dealer in wild animals who died in England last summer, is so well vouched for that it may be accepted as worthy of belief.

Mr. Jamrach was married more than once, and the story is to the effect that when a friend condescended with him on the loss of his second wife the naturalist answered, with a heavy sigh:

"Yes, yes. As you say, she was a good wife. But," he added, as if he felt compelled to speak the whole truth, "she never took kindly to the animals. Why, even in winter she wouldn't let the snakes sleep under the bed."—Youth's Companion.

## Over a Back Fence.

Neighbor Woman: Your dog was chasing our chickens this morning, and I just want you to understand that's got to stop right now.

Mrs. Mild—I did not see the dog out of our yard.

Neighbor Woman—He wasn't. The chickens was in your yard.—Good News.

## The Opening Wedge.

Strawber—There is a thread on your coat collar.

Singerly—That's all right. Let it stay there. I am going to call on a girl.—Clothes and Furnisher.

## Obliging.

Lady (engaging servant)—You seem to possess every necessary qualification. Have you a sweet heart?

Servant—No, mum, but I can soon get one.—Comed.

## Making a Sure Thing of It.

Banker (to boy)—Take this dress suit up to Wangle and give him this note. He will give you a five dollar bill, which you fetch back to me. (Boy goes and returns.) Well, did you get that five dollar bill?

Boy—No, sir. He said to tell you he couldn't spare it very well today, sir.

Banker—Then why in thunder didn't you fetch back the suit?

Boy—I couldn't very well, sir. He put it on before he read the note.—Clothes and Furnisher.

## Overwork Did It.



First Tramp—And what is the matter with Bill Sykes?

Second Tramp—Poor fellow! A victim of overwork.

"Overwork! How's that?"

"Well, Bill always was ambitious, you know, and he tried to do two days' loading in one day."—Boston Transcript.

## A Nice Little Legal Point.

When he had comfortably settled himself in a chair by the lawyer's desk he said:

"Attorney for the — road, ain't you?"

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"Well," said the caller, "when I was coming down town this morning there was an accident."

"You don't look as if you had been injured."

"I wasn't."

"Any of your friends hurt?"

"No."

"Well, what's the matter, then?"

"Now, wait a minute till I get through," said the caller. "I had paid my fare to come down town—clear to the end of the line—but the company didn't bring me down. It didn't bring me half way."

"What of it?"

"Don't be impatient. I told the conductor I wanted some kind of a conveyance to get the rest of the way and he refused to pay for one."

"Well, I should think he would."

"He also refused to return my nickel."

"Of course he did."

"But when I was wrecked between here and St. Paul the company whose train was wrecked sent me through by another road without expense."

"Certainly. Implied contract, you know. Agreed to take you to your destination when you paid for your ticket."

"But when I paid my fare to the conductor wasn't there an implied?"

"No, sir. Not at all. It's entirely different."

"Oh, your road doesn't have to do what it agrees to?"

"Look here. Perhaps you?"

"Now, wait. Don't get excited. What must a man do to get anything from your company?"

"Um, well, if your leg had been broken or if you had been killed in the accident?"

"What then, sir? What then?" asked the caller with interest.

"Why, then," said the lawyer reflectively, "we would probably have proved contributory negligence and sued you or your relatives for blocking the road."—Chicago Tribune.

## Taking Him Down.

In an isolated hospital ward were two patients—one a very nervous and timid fellow, the other a very sick man. The very sick man died and the timid fellow lay, trembling with fear, in a bed near by him.

To relieve the timid patient of his unattractive companion, a hospital orderly was told to remove the corpse to the dead house. The orderly proceeded to obey with alacrity, and on entering the room found the two men, one (the corpse) lying on his side, knees drawn up, apparently asleep; the other (the timid chap) stretched out stiffly, with the sheet pulled over his face. Naturally supposing the one with the sheet spread over him to be the corpse, he proceeded to remove him.

The patient, quaking all over with fear, groaned, "Oh, don't—don't take me; I'm not dead." Whereupon the orderly, in disgust, blurted out: "What's the matter with you? Do you think you know more than the doctors do?"—Argonaut.

## Like Father, Like Son.

Young Father (in the future)—Great Scott! Can't you do something to quiet that baby? Its eternal squalling just drives me wild.

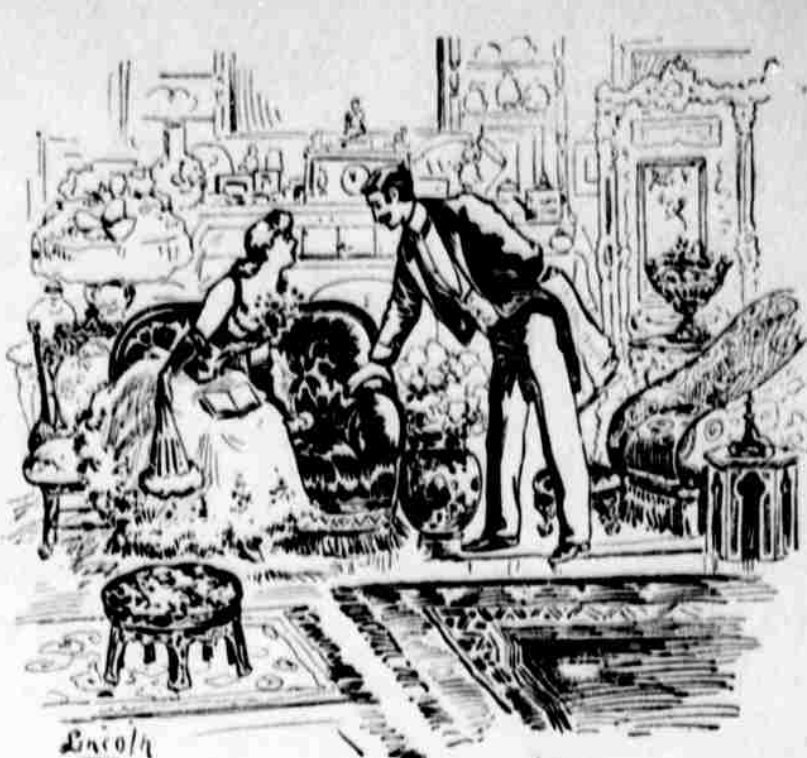
Young Mother (calmly to servant)—Marie, bring in my husband's mother's photograph and put in the cylinder marked "At ten months." I want him to hear how his voice sounded when he was young.—Young Ladies' Fashion Bazar.

## A Bad Ending.

Count Poco d'Argento—I called upon Mr. Gaswell this afternoon and made a formal proposal for his daughter's hand.

Interested Friend—Ah, indeed! And what was the outcome?

Count Poco d'Argento (sadly)—I was.—Boston Post.



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